

Monkees

"Tapioca Tundra"

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One, two, three, four, five
Four, three, two, one, zero

Reasoned verse, some prose or rhyme
Lose themselves in other times
And waiting hopes cast silent spells
That speak in clouded clues
It cannot be a part of me
For now it's part of you

Careful plays on fields
That seems to vanish
When they're in between
And softly as I walk away
In freshly tattered shoe
It cannot be a part of me
For now it's part of you

Sunshine, ragtime
Blowing in the breeze
Midnight, looks right
Standing more at ease

Silhouettes and figures stay
Close to what he had to say
And one more time the faded dream
Is saddened by the news
It cannot be a part of me
For now it's part of you

Well, sunshine, ragtime
Blowing in the breeze
Midnight, looks right
Standing more at ease

Sunshine, ragtime
Blowing in the breeze
Midnight, looks right
Standing more at ease

Silhouettes and figures stay
Close to what he had to say

And one more time the faded dream
Is saddened by the news
It cannot be a part of me
For now it's part of you

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